

LABOUR

FORBIDDEN,

AND

Commanded.

A SERMON

PREACHED AT

St. PAULS CHURCH,

SEPTEMBER 28. 1634.

By EDVVARD RAINBOVVE, Fellow
of Magdalen Colledge in Cambridge. *In Joh 6. 27*

*Præcaveamus ne aut labor irritus sine effectu sit, aut effectus
labore indignus, æquè enim ex his tristitia sequitur, si aut non
succesit, aut successus pudet. Sen.*

LONDON:

Printed for Nicholas Vavasour, and are to be sold at his
Shop at the Inner-Temple, neare the
Church, 1635.

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289 T. M. R. 23. 1844

By EDWARD RAINBOW, Fellow
of Gray's Inn College, London.

Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, and sold by the Booksellers, London and Westminster.

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Cambridge, 1844.



TO THE RIGHT
VVORSHIPFULL, SIR
JOHN WRAY, Knight and Baronet, and
to his truly generous Brother, EDWARD WRAY
of Rycot, Elq. Lovers and Incouragers of
Learning and Piety.



F the attentive eye may bee as
gainefull to the understanding
as the listning eare; if the fu-
gacious words, which escape the
eares pursuit, by that may bee
arrested to the doome of judge-
ment, if it can scruple at Erra-
ta, when the eares credulity sums
up with approbation, then may
I discharge my selfe, and fru-
strate censure, of an apologie, for exposing to a more deliberate
review of the eye, what posted by the laborynths of the eare with
lesse delay. I must confesse, in those forward births of Pam-
phlets (the usuall brats of pregnant impudence) nothing uses
to be more legible, than Ignorance, inspir'd by Ambition:
where the itch of publike prostitution breakes forth into the ve-
ry Frontispice: and those Characters which the Author fan-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

cies to be glorious on the front, the Reader deemes stigmaticall.

Although my private resolutions to the contrary, have stoop'd to some assaults, and made my weaknesse now as publike as th: r. st, yet this must be my confidence, that some of my judicious friends have promised to share of the censure, if not as causes, yet as provocations to the delinquency.

If in the subject there be any thing satyricall, the patronage to which I have commended it, dare read without any conscious starting at invectiō. Their observations may throw it at the guilty world, and this shall truly number them in the paucity of the guiltlesse. Innocency is no supercilious Patron, nor expects the manners of an Apologie from those that intrude in- to its protection. Nevertheless, I was compell'd to invoke yours, for if I have gained any thing from obscurity, the light of your encouragements have led me to it; and as the Colledge, whereof I am a member, so my owne private duty shall ever prompt me to ranke your name amongst the chiefest of my Benefactors, and indeavour to make nothing more publike (excepting Gods glory in the good of his Church) then your vertues, and that I am

20 MA 59

Yours in my devoutest prayes

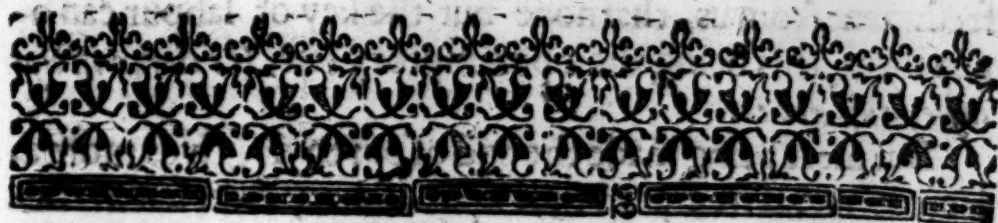
and Observance,

Mag. Coll.

Novem. 15.

1634.

EDVV. RAINBOVE,



Labour forbidden, And Commanded.

JOHN 6.27.

Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Sonne of man shall give unto you : for him hath God the Father sealed.



An is borne to labour, as the sparkes flye upwards : with the pangs of labour and paine his mother delivers this burthen to the world; and that receives him, not as an indulgent father, but a censorious taskmaster : and, as if he beganne not life, but an Apprentiship, he breakes his fast with teares, cryes aloud e're dinner, and if he live till night, 'tis much if sickly grones be not some parcell of his breath. Our necessities, like niggardly step-dames, locke so fast the cupboords of re-

B

freshment

Labour forbidden,

freshment from us, that none but the key of labour can open them, this being their peremptory law, *He that will not toyle, must not eat.*

But meat being made the end of our toyle, gives more alacritie to endure it, and the hopes of that, sweeten the bitterness of this: let *Apelles* paint the grapes by the boy, and the birds shall be more enticed by them, than affrighted by him; those goodly grapes lessen the stature of those *Anakims* which with-hold them; pictures those Gyants with a milder countenance: and if we heare of a land that flowes with milke and honey, *Jordans* streame is easily strided over; if our famisht appetites heare of meat, they feare no *Colloquintida*, but now shake hands with Labour, are friends with Industry, can hardly be compell'd to rest; they will not listen to the call of ease, their bellies have no cares, till this sad morsell fill their mouthes: O man of God there is death in the pot, and we have labour'd all this while for meat that perisheth.

Slacke then your sailes, faith the voyce of my Text; pursue those gilded baits no further, nor pull those fugitives into your walls which will betray you to the worms: but arme your labour with an holy violence; assault the kingdome of heaven; re-enter Paradise; the Angell now has sheath'd his flaming sword; the tree of Life's unguarded; *Labour no more for the meat, &c.*

Occasion. The occasion of these words take briefly thus: When our Saviour was told of *Herods* cruelty against Saint *Iohn* the Baptist, and of the inquisition which hee made after himselfe, as in a doubtfull amazement, fearing him to be *redivivum Iohannem*, *Iohn* risen from the dead; and albeit his Omniscience was conscious that *Herods* plots, and his determin'd end could not be contemporaries; neverthelesse

not relying upon the arme of miraculous preservation, with the wind of this rumor he sailes over the Sea of Galilee, on purpose, as the three first Evangelists harmoniously agree, to get out of *Herods* Iurisdiction: and although his first abode was in the desert, yet the eager multitude (now greedy in pursuit of miracles) trace him out. Christ being found, answers their expectation by dispensing of his two-fold cures; generally, with his Doctrine upon their soules; and, when particular maladies cryed for ayd, his mercie had miracles for their bodies.

The day posts on, and is likely to attaine a period, before he can remember to end his dayes worke of mercie, when his Disciples (though not more feeling of mans frailty than himselfe, yet now, perchance, after his lengthned Sermon, more sensible of their owne) thus admonish him. The place is desert, the Towne's remote, the day's farre spent, the people weary; and if they hunger, victuals are not plentiful in the desert, therefore send them away. But Christ who had power to broach the rockes and give them drinke, to turne the fruitlesse desarts into kitchens, even replenish with Manna for bread, and Quails for meat, had likewise at this time compassion enough to fill their bowels; and the companies being sat downe (now not more hungry after the meat than the miracle that could provide it) found that two fishes, with five loaves and Christs blessing, were enough to fill five thousand; and when that was done, (as if each Spawne had now beene hastned into a perfect Fish) to overflow into twelve baskets of fragments.

As if each word he spoke had become a feeding morsell, themselves might now have witness'd with him against the Divell, *that man lives not by bread alone, but by*

Labour Forbidden,

every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God. That the oyle in the Cnise did not faile, and meale in the barrell did not wast, they had heard; but that the eating should make the remainder exceed its first proportion; this, had not sense stretch'd it out, might justly have exceeded their faith. Certaine it is by the event of the story, that this miracle being well digested, had a stronger operation in them than any that they had seene before; and now their pamper'd bellies could prompt them to a devout sedition, and they durst, in despite of *Cæsars* power, attempt to make Christ their King: Their carnall wisdome easily might suggest him a fit Generall for a conquering army, who could so cheaply, and so suddenly victuall his hungry Campe. But Christ, who knew his kingdome of another world, flights these poore ambitions; neverthelesse to decline the violence of popularity, having given his Disciples the watch-word to faile over the Sea, himselfe glides, first from the people, then on the waters after them. Hot was the multitude in their pursuit, and the first opportunity imbarque themselves and follow; and being now landed, they find their yesterdayes steward arriv'd before them, which strange celerity, makes their first salutation this question, *Rabbi, quando hic venisti?* Master, when camest thou hither? But Christ discern'd full well which way their stomacke stood, that over all this water they did but follow the bait which they yesterday tasted of, that no other god than their bellies brought them thus farre to sacrifice; he therefore, neglecting their curious question, shapes an answer fitter for their affections than their demands, will not tell them when he came, but why themselves came thither. *Vers. 26, Not because they saw the miracles, but because*

cause they did eat of the loaves, and were filled. Thus first he daunts them, and what they might thinke hee would applaud for piety, he condemnes for gluttony; he was able to anatomize their intentions, and found those goads which prick'd them forward to be in their stomacke, not their braine; to fill their bellies with the bread of miracles, not their soules with the Manna of his Doctrine. And when hee had cool'd their fervency with this reproofe, prepared their appetites with this sower reprehension, then gives he them my Text as a more wholesome bit to chew on, and thus addresses it, *Labour not,*
&c.

The scope of which words import thus much; as if *Scope.*] he had said, Poore, and beguiled men, whom the greedy hopes of a fill'd belly could flatter into all this industry! Was this the cause why from towne to desert, from desert to sea, from sea to land, your untired limbs could follow me? What went you out into the wilderness to see? a reed shaken with the wind of miracles? or rather whether he could furnish a table in the desert? But what went you out into the wilderness to see? The sonne of man cloath'd in the soft rayments of mercy and righteousness? or rather whether hee could satisfie the hungry with bread: But what went you out to see? A Prophet? or rather a Purveyor? Was all this toyle to satisfie your vnderstandings, or your appetites? to feed your minds or your bellies? I know 'twas the wind of carnall appetite inspir'd your sailes this way; it was the sought-for loaves brought you to this Market. But, since the limbs of your industry are so strong and laborious, make me your over-seer, and they shall be imploy'd in a more worthy labour; not for those melting morsels, as
fading

fading as the taste, those apples of Sodom which dye betwixt the hand and the mouth; that meat that fades even before your pots wax hot with thornes, which brings an angry destruction even whilest the Quails are yet in your mouthes, that meat which is more perishing than the creatures whence 'twas digg'd, that dying meat which makes your throat its sepulcher, is scarcely long-liv'd enough for digestion: But for a meat which breeds eternall blood in your veynes, the bread of soules, whose equall temper crambsto no diseases, but fills each part with spirit and life, and enables your stomacks to digest eternitie. Pant and breathe after this long-winded food, pile up all the loose minutes of your labours for this purchase of perpetuity; in the sweat of your brow eat this bread of everlasting rest: if you have any breath, sinewes, or limbes, *Labour, not for the meat, &c.*

Paral.

My Text, methinkes, is a map of Paradise, and in it you shall finde both commanded, and forbidden fruit, onely thus they differ; the forbidden fruit there stood in the midst, here in the entry of the garden; the tree of life there not tasted of, is here an offered dish; the tree of good and evill wholly there forbidden, here distinguished according to its fruits, the good to be pursued, the other to be neglected; there the fruit it selfe forbidden, here onely the labouring for that fruit; there, after the eating labour followed as a curse, here to rest from that labour is both a precept, and a blessing: thus againe they meet and agree, that both the forbidden meats perish, the eaters with themselves, and both deprive the soule of the desired tree of life: So that thus holds both the paralell and the antithesis: There,

If thou presumest to eat of the tree of knowledge of
good

good and evil, that act shall damne thee from the tree of life, from which an Angell of God shall stave thee, arm'd by the Lord of hoasts. Here,

Fly that perishing meat, and thou shalt crambe thy selfe with food of everlasting life, which the Sonne of man shall give thee, whom God the Father hath seal'd; the Angell of the Covenant.

In the words then are to bee discovered these foure *Division* parts:

1. *Præceptum.*

2. *Præcepti Præmium.*

3. *Præmii Dispensatorem.*

4. *Dispensatoris Potestatem.*

1. A Precept; *Labour not for the meat that, &c.*

2. The Reward of the Precept, *Everlasting life.*

3. The Dispensour of the Reward; *Which the Sonne of man, &c.*

4. The Power of the Dispensour; *Whom God the Father hath, &c.*

The Precept here is double, *Præceptum non faciens*, and *Præceptum faciens*; 1. Negative: 2. Affirmative. 1. *Labour not for, &c.* 2. *But labour for, &c.* And in each of these Precepts there is, 1. an Act: 2. a Specified Object. In the Negative, the Act, *Labour not*; the Object, *for the meat that perisheth*. In the Affirmative, the Act, *But labour*; the Object, *for the meat that endureth, &c.* and both of these objects carry along a specification as a reason inforcing the object: In the Negative, the inconvenience of the Object must deterre us, it is specified by *Perishing*: In the Affirmative, the conveniencie of the Object must allure us, being specif'd by *meat which endures to everlasting life*. Therefore *labour not for, &c.*

The

2. The reward of both precepts is the specified object of the second, *Everlasting Life*: in which there is 1. the substance, *Life*: 2, the perpetuity, *Everlasting life*.
3. In the Dispenser of the reward two things are considerable: 1. The person dispensing, *The Sonne of man*: 2. The manner of his dispensation, *will give*.
4. The power of the Dispenser tells us likewise of two things: 1. who is the Author of this dispensatory power, *God the Father*: 2. the manner of his authorization, *hath sealed*: the dispenser, *the Sonne of man*; the Author of his dispensatory power, *God the Father*; the manner of his dispensation, *will give*; the manner of his authorization, *hath sealed*. *Labour not for the meat &c.*

Did we heare of Labour, and no Everlasting Life; or of Everlasting Life, and no Sonne of man to give it; or of the Sonne of Man to give it, and not of God the Father to seale him for that purpose, wee might hide our heads in our bosome, or labour to slip our neckes out of the yoke. Harsh commands when the eye cannot looke over the burthen to the reward; doubtfull reward where the giver is not knowne; suspected giver, whose abilities are not manifest: But here the precept may be more pleasant, being sweetned with a Reward; the Reward ascertained, being assign'd its Giver; the Giver enabled, being thereto authorized. *Labour not then, &c.*

And thus me thinkes my Text may afford a large field of discourse, and after this paines I have taken in the tillage and opening of it, your apprehensions may enter into it as into a plentiful harvest, if this first word be not a Scare-crow to some, *Labour*. Nor yet can I see any reason why the Labourers should be few, the increase being so certaine, and so precious, that whosoever labour shall carry

carry away but one sheafe, and husband it aright, may knead thereof even bread of Life: therefore to handle these parts in method I intend first to joyne the precept with the Negative particle; secondly, them both with the Object; and thirdly, all of them with the Specification.

And if wee beginne with the parts in order, the two first words of my Text seeme to tye up our hands and to save us a labour, thus beginning the negative Precept, *Labour not. Labour not?* Why what can the dainty palat of flesh and blood relish with more delight? May not the greatest part of this company averre with the young man in the Gospell (if this be all the precept) *All this have I observed up from my youth*, not to labour; nay, even for the meat which perisheth, much lesse for the other: and perchance may be glad to have got so favourable a shelter for their idlenesse, as this porch of my Text, *Labour not.* But if wee attend the words, not the Act of labouring, but the following Object, is hereby this negation deprest. The Originall reads it, *ἐργάζεσθαι μὴ. Labour not:* Saint Hierome (whom almost all antiquity followes) *Operamini non*, worke not: The Syriack Translation, *Ne operemini*, doe not worke; yet all of them fastning the Negation to the Object, not the Act; and therefore some later Interpreters make a Comma at the word Labour, as if wee must read it thus, *Labour, but not for the meat, &c.* perchance out of a diligent cautile, lest the dury of labouring should from this place seeme rather to be forbidden than commanded.

But none, that I ever heard of, urg'd this place as a lurking hole for sluggishnesse in the generall, or a manumission from all kind of labour, but yet I may well con-

jecture, that many in their practise have lived as if this Text gave some convenience to a cessation from bodily labour for necessary food and rayment, (which they call meat that perisheth,) that the practise of many hath laid them open to this accusation we may collect; because many of the learned Interpreters, and ancient Fathers who have written upon this place, amongst whom Saint *Chrysostome* especially, have beene very laborious in invection against such, and in vindicating this Text from giving any connivence to their Lazinesse; and therefore to overthrow all such pretences, some have diversly expounded and limited the Act, *Labour*; some the following Object, *Meat that perisheth*; some the Negative particle. *Hugo Cardinalis* would have to bee meant by the object, *Meat that perisheth*, *Mala opera*, evill workes, because they are the kinnels and causes of all mans perishing: So that man is not pluckt away from all labour and working by this precept, but onely from the works of darkenesse. But those that expound the object more largely, yet understand the Act more strictly; that although labour for bodily meanes be here forbidden, yet not all kind of labour; but as *Rupertus* (after Saint *Basil*, Saint *Augustine*, and others) expounds it, *Nimiam sollicitudinem prohibet, operationem iubet*; 'tis too much solicitude and anxiety which is forbidden, to labour too eagerly, not to labour at all: for, *Pigritari* (as another has it) idlenesse is *maximè cibus periens*, the meat that soonest perisheth; the bread of sloth is soonest mouldy and corrupt. And *Bonaventure's* joynt exposition of the Act with the Object is agreeable. *Operari cibum qui perit est affici secularibus*; To labour for the meat that perisheth, saith he, is to be too much taken and affected with secular

secular affaires; and he addes, *Quamvis in usu operis quandoq; sit temporalitas, tamen in intentione semper debet esse eternitas*; though in the act of our labours sometimes we place temporality, yet ought we alwayes before our intentions to set eternity. Nay, some there are who yet straighten the act more narrowly, and will not have this negative precept any generall rule, but limited by the like occasions as it was here. Now, when the people had opportunity to receive from Christ the bread of life, they lingred againe after the five loaves to have more of the meat that perisheth; which when *Musculus* thought on, he thus inferres, *Non praescribit norma generaliter omnibus, sed nimium et intempestivum ventris studium, ubi occasio spiritualis cibi offertur, abjiciendum esse*; That this precept is not intended by Christ as a rule, *χρὶ, πάντες*, to be at all times observed, but here hee teaches that the unseasonable care of filling the belly is to bee laid aside when we are invited to spirituall banquets; that *Martha's* incumbrings were therefore culpable, because then shee had the choyce of the better part: that the marrying of wives, the buying of oxen, and earthly purchases, are onely then to be left aside, when our soules are invited to heavenly feasts.

But Cardinall *Tollet's* rule, if there were any, takes away all the difficulty of this place, by limiting the negative particle: for, saith he, *particula, non, saepe in Scripturis non negat, sed solitudinem excludit*; the negative particle does not alwayes deny, but excludes a solitarinesse of interpretation: as if it had beene said, *Labour*, but not onely, or not chiefly for the meat that perisheth, but also, &c. And we have, amongst many others, one pregnant example of this, *Ioh. 12. 44. Hee that beleeveeth on mee,*

beleeueth not on me, but on him that sent mee. Hee that beleeueth on me, beleeueth not on me? how can this stand together? the rule reconciles it; that is, not onely on me, or not on me chiefly, but on him that sent mee: and thus it must be here expounded, *Labour not*, that is, not onely, or not specially, *for the meat that perisheth, but for,*
&c.

So that it's plaine, not Labour, but anxiety, unseasonable and importunate labour for the meat that perisheth, is onely here forbidden.

But imagine awhile, the feet of our industry should be fetter'd, the limbs of our diligence should be disjointed, and if wee were asked with those in the Gospell; *Why stand you idle all the day?* Wee might answer, Not onely because none hath hired us, but because wee are forbidden to labour: What then should we doe for food and rayment? Must we supinely gape till the showres of providence shall raine downe Quails into our mouthes? Must we grovell in the dew for miraculous Mannah? or expect the stony rock to cleave into cups, and present themselves to our thirsty pallats? Shall wee sit under those Vines and Figge-trees which free Nature hath husbanded, till their voluntary fruit drop into our mouthes? Shall wee, in the conceits of a lawfull sloth, what the Prophet did out of holy inspiration, wait for the Ravens to bee our Caterers; expect bowles of mercy from Birds of prey?

Shall we slumber and sleepe, and fold our hands untill the Handmaids of Nature cloath and get us ready? Shall we sit with the Lillies in the field, neither labour nor spinne, and expect that apparell and ornament shall grow upon us? Shall wee glow in the cold, till the pittifull
 sheepe

sheep resigne its coat to bee our garment? or lye in the shade till the ashamed Figtree drop downe its leaves into aprons, to cover our nakednesse? What more can we do, nay, what lesse can we expect, if this command be peremptory, *Labour not*? Why tis as if he had laid, Lull your selves into the laps of everlasting idlenesse, wake not your silent thoughts with noise of care, cherish your tender hands in the bosome of sloth, nor expose your dainty limbs to the rude employments of labour and travell, Nature that sent you naked into the world upon her errand shall cloth you at her owne expenses, and strow her Dugs of nourishment at the doores of your appetite, *labour not*.

Contenti cibis nullo cogente creatis.

Meats shall spring out of your platters, and the earth shall crowd her harvests into your ample garner, *labour not*: Lay the burthen of your necessities upon the shoulders of an higher providence: if you bee lame and lazie, Providence has nimble feet to post on your occasions, if you bee weake and fainting the hands of Providence can hold you up; are your eyes dim and drowsie? the eye of Providence sees all things: Are you injur'd? Providence has a sword: Are you in danger? Providence has a Buckler: sit still and smile at Providence your officious servant, but as for your selves, *labour not*. Why take yee thought for food? sow with the Sparrowes and bee fed even to wantonnesse: Why take ye thought for raiment? Spin with the Lillies and bee clothed even to pride, but *labour not*. Thus might pillowes bee sowed and voices heard, which warble out nothing but softnesse and delicacie: thus might wee make us beds in the field, and clothe our Vineyards with Cushions: thus might we turne our
Carts

Carts into Coaches, our painfull Plowes into instruments of pleasure, our fields into gardens, our garner into Theaters, our Shops into Dancing-Schooles, and all become most experienced professors of the arts of idlenesse, were this Precept meerly negative, *Labour not.*

But not to divorce the Act any longer from the Object, that we may better discover what it is we must not labour for, let me in the second place set, for a while, before you the *meat that perisheth*. In addressing of which, I intend more clearly to discusse how farre our labour may be extended for it, and where againe it must retire and breath.

And first, I doubt not but I shall befriend your patience if I passe over the divers acceptations of the word *Eſca*, or *Cibus*, Meat, and expound it with the most ancient and best Interpretours in this one signification, for all bodily and outward necessities. Nor is the Synechdoche too violent, which in this one word involves thus much; meat being that which nature has made the monarch of all our necessities; that if we be not allow'd to labour for meat, there is nothing which may set our industry on worke. And therefore, no doubt, our Saviour intended to make the negative precept against solicitous and superfluous labour more Emphaticall, by eccluding in the Object, even what daily is both to be pray'd and labour'd for, *Meat; Labour not for the meat*. For if this injunction had beene more restrain'd (as indeed the rules of Interpretation may doe it) and onely had taken from them their superfluity, it might seeme to have carried along with it both reproofe and counsell enough. What if hee had allowed them to toyle for their meat; nay, have made that ancient curse a new Injunction, *In the sweat*

sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread! have compell'd them
even to sweat for their daily bread, but not allow'd
them to stirre at all for dainties? have forc'd them to
eat, even their bread with carefulnesse, but suffer'd them
to labour for no other sawce? What if he had said unto
them, Let not your labour perplex it selfe for such su-
perfluity of meat, and pride of rayment, but confine it
within the narrow bankes of necessity? What excessive
madnesse is in that gluttonous care which spreads tables
not where hunger, but ambition may best be satisfied?
which disperses purveyours for the mouth into remotest
Countries, that the wanton pallat may feed on what the
eye till then ne're saw? Spare your superfluous paines
in fetching in the whole brood of nature to make one
meale, one bait for gluttony: Tell mee, Could not the
five loaves upon the homely grasse refresh your hungry
appetites, as well as all those glutting morsels spread, in
so proud a method, upon your finer linnen and purples?
cannot the stomacke fill, but when the eye is dazled?
nor meat digest, except received from the richest mettals?
Is not gluttony at ease but in a wardrobe? nor Iunkets
sweet but serv'd in Jewels? If labour should be allow'd
for these, time has not howres enough to dispatch it. Nor
must this Labour bee lesse restrained from other super-
fluities; though rayment be within its reach, yet pride
is farre too high for it; leisure may be allow'd to cloath,
when it cannot to adorne. The sheepe, that's neare at
hand, gives us shelter enough from the cold, why should
we hunt after more costly fures and wrappings? Is the
skinne of the beaſt too cheape, that the bowels of worms
must be wrought into clothing? Natures helpe is a
shorter cut: Must you send for apparell to the utmost
bounds

bounds of the earth before you can be readie : must all the creatures lend their ayd to dresse one man ? and is he not handsome til anticke beasts have given him a shape ? must a Iury of Trades be busied to verdict him readie ? and every disorder'd haire bee allow'd a time for reformation ? Certainly, if we may labour for this out-side perfection, then no labour is forbidden. Againe, had it not likewise beene a checke to have forbidden their excessive labour and toyle in the rearing up of their ambitious Babels, as if they meant to goe to heaven by the staires of their houses ; or rather to fetch downe heaven thither, and so make them their everlasting habitations ; to make each angle of their dwellings like the polished corners of the Temple, and every stone a Statue ; to ingrave to posteritie the stories of their vanted pedigree, and epitomize the hystorie of the world in their superfluous carvings ; to fille each chamber as a wardrobe, and stufte every roome with the treasures of the East ; to extend their walls to an admired vastnesse, and give their private mansions capacitie for the traines of Princes ! If labour for these extremities of excessse had onely beene forbidden, the wonder would not have beene great. Therefore, more strictly to forbid superfluities, in my Text, not onely vanities, but decencies ; not onely surfetting, but feeding ; not onely excessse of meate, but even meate it selfe seemes to be forbidden to made the Object of our Labour, *Labour not for the meate, &c.*

But to continue to shew the force of the negative precept as it is joyn'd with the Object *Meate*, (besides superfluous Labour) in this word, *Labour*, here are these two kinds of it forbidden : *Labour importunus* (or *importunatus*) and *non opportunus*. The conjugates of the first word may

may beare both *Importunate*, and *Importune Labour*; the first denotes an unlawfulness in the manner of the Act; the second in the circumstance of time; the first is labour too earnest, too solicitous; the second is labour out of its due time, unseasonable. And if we attend to the occasion of our Saviours delivery of these words of my Text (namely, when the people pressed after him, both with violence, and that likewise for bodily food, when they had opportunity to seeke and obtaine the food of their soules) thus farre, and thus onely shall we perceive his command to be negatively extended.

First then, Labour not for outward things; that is, with immoderate labour. *Non ne habeat præcipit sed ne sollicitus habeat; non ne in domum sed ne in animum intro-mittat*: Not but that we may have these outward supplements, but not with solicitude; we may lodge them in our houses, but not our hearts: we may buy them for our selves, but we must not sell our selves to them. Let not the full bent of your endeavours stand that way; hurry not your selves along with the eager tide of præcipation, but let moderation stand at the sterne, and hold the reines of your industry; and let the feet of your affections goe, but not runne after this perishing meat: Let not the stormes of violence, but the milder blasts of indifferencie waft your sailes through these straights of humane wants; take not the wings of Vultures to fetch in meat as prey, nor eat the bread of violence, but seeke it daily at the hands of Providence. The Lions lacke and suffer hunger, notwithstanding all their ravening and roaring, whereas the meeker brood of nature meet with a shepheard that brings it to their mouthes. The wild and savage beasts ramble for their food in the desarts,

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whereas

whereas the tame ones obtaine the mercie of mans fertile habitations : the vehement and sturdy winds hold up and drive away the raine, the softer gales moysten the earth with fruitfull showres. We may herein take some resemblance from God himselfe, and seeke his blessings in so calme a way as he declares himselfe to give them : Not, as he brought the Locusts, by some mighty blustering wind, which might rend the rockes of barrennesse; not by plowing up our ground with prodigious earthquakes; not by burning up the tares and brambles with some impetuous fire, but by the still and sweet voyce and ayd of his providence : The kingdomes of this world are not to be taken by violence; nay, wee must not snatch, but pray for daily bread : Let not man assault his earthly affairs with all the engines of his wit and strength, but rather winne them by wary composition : Let not his hot pursuit broyle him in an Ægyptian furnace to purchase bricke and stone, the base materials of an earthly Babell : Let him indeed labour to the exercising of his limbs, not the cracking of his sinewes, where anxiety must needs accompany Labour, *Labour not for the meat, &c.*

Secondly, as this Labour must not be with importunity, so neither must it be against opportunity; that is, though we be allow'd to labour for perishing meat, yet neither chiefly for that, nor unseasonably, when wee should labour for that other which perisheth not. That indeed of the Moralist is as true as plausible, *Ad virtutem tendenti etiam fortuna indulgentia est necessaria, &c.* The Indulgence of outward sustenance is necessary, whilst yet the soule, wrastles with the infirmities of a fainting body, whilst it strives to untye this knot of flesh,
and

and breake through all the chaines of mortality; but yet so, that there must be a subordination both in place and time, betwixt the fading and the permanent; and to bestow those howres on that which are due to this, were to lose both. Season and time are of such powerfull consequence, that the neglect of them turnes even sweet into sowre, good into evill; makes those actions which in themselves are lawfull, to be despis'd and sinfull: *They wait upon thee, saith the Psalmist, and thou givest them their meat in due season*: Even meat, out of season, is the burthen, not the food of the stomacke; to labour therefore for it out of season, were like Asses to couch under a burthen which no necessity imposes on us; nay, which necessarily diseases us. *Labour* out of season could ne're exact its wages: the seed that's sowne before, or when the time of sowing's past, never blest the sower with maturity, 'tis it wherewith the mower filleth not his handfull, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosome: he that so sowes that he may reape, makes the season of sowing the chiefe pillar of his hopes of reaping.

The summe then is this, If you have howres to bestow on moderate labour for meat and outward necessities, yet rob not the soules opportunities to allow the body time; slacke not that taske which God has commanded to obey the belly; lose not that time, nor hide in the napkin of gluttony, which, well employ'd, may gaine the Talent of Eternity: Beleeve me, 'tis the height of sacrilege to steale time from the Sanctuary; and houres which should serve at the Altar, sacrificed to businesse, makes our affaires our Idols. The howres of Devotion ruane in their owne constant revolution, nor must wee count it arbitrary to prorogue them. The Sabbaths of
D 2 grace

Labour forbidden;

grace stand in their owne unalterable Kallenders, nor is it mans power to make the soules feasts moveable; to be serving our selves when we should be serving of God, is to turne day into night, to make the armour of God a worke of darknesse.

The Sunne and Starres, the worlds great Clocks and and witnessles of time, have taught our Dials to measure out God's by inches, and mans by ells; hee that would pilfer from that, is too ingratefull to live a spanne of life. Shall we doubt to give him his fulnesse of time, who hath both invested us with time, and made us capable of Eternity? When hee's lessoning our soules, shall we be cramming our bodies? or rather leave the best Junkets of the body, to gaine one morrell for the soule. Whilst that is feeding on the bread of Life, *Labour not for the meat that perisheth.* And this is both the Specification of the Object, Perishing Meat; and the reason inforcing this negative precept, why we must not labour for it, because it perisheth.

But before we enter into this, were it no tworth the labor to enquire why our meat should be called *Perishing*? Certainly, as it is mans meat, his food and sustenance, 'tis that *commune vinculum*, which knits and marries the soule to the body; shall it be then the cause of their divorce? When man perisheth, surfetting indeed may be a cause; but meat seemes to be a Catholique Antidote against all malignant poysons and enemies of natures continuance. Is it not Meat which armes our perishing flesh against the powers of death, and dispatches new supplies to nature, when the former spirits beginne to faile? Does not the tender suckling seeme apprehensive of this truth, which knowes the dugg that feeds it, before the mother that brought

brought it forth? Being cannot continue without sustenance; and shall the Author of our continuance be likewise the cause of our perishing? Shall that which enlarges the epitomy of infancy, and sets it forth into those early editions of growth and stature; that which spins the thread of life to such a length be likewise the knife to cut it off? If honey be meat, dip but the tip of *Jonathans* rod; and besides the continuance of life, it may adde a victorious courage to his limbs. Drinke, taken but from the brooke in the way, may make the languishing soule lift up his head: Even poyson, having taken acquaintance with the pallat of *Mithridate*, as meat, could now sooner nourish than destroy. The flying spirits with the tast of meat recoyle to their tabernacle; and famisht bodies, even dropping into their earthly principles, receive this doome from food, Returne ye sonnes of *Adam*: then how can meat be perishing? To make meat perishing, were to metamorphise bread into stones, fishes into *Scorpious*, honey into gall, even food into poyson: how then can meat be perishing? *Are not two Sparrowes sold for a farthing?* and shall we buy our owne destruction, and set a price on those petulant creatures that come within us to undoe us? *Arise, Peter, kill and eat,* were the words of the vision; but, if this were true, these words might well have follow'd; such creatures as will rise in thy stomacke, kill, and devoure thy selfe. 'Tis true indeed, our fathers eat *Mannah* in the wildernesse, and are dead, and perisht, but was the *Mannah* the cause of their perishing? And have wee not read how *David* when he was an hungred went in and eat the *Shew-bread*, and regained more vigour, and was further from perishing by the eating of it. *Man lives not by bread alone,*
faith

saith our Saviour: whence we may gather, that bread is a partiall cause of his life; shall we then thinke, that little leaven unleavens mans whole lump? that those treacherous graines prove Amalekites, and Iebusites, thornes in our eyes, and prickes in our sides, or seed us into putrifaction? How then must we doe to joyne this epithite of perishing, with meat? Neverthelesse, if we attend, the doubt will not be very intricate, why our Saviour should make use both of the metaphor of meat, and the specification, perishing; the former both besfitting the present occasion, meat being that which they now sought for, & likewise most able to beare the whole latitude of the signification for all outward necessities: and for the latter, although as 'tis food it cannot be said to be causally perishing, yet in regard of its substance, it is both perishing in it selfe, and likewise by accident proves as commonly the cause of mans perishing as of his sustenance. Ever since the eating of that forbidden fruit, a curse having cloven to our meats; and as Gods grace makes them nourishable, so that primitive malediction makes them perishable; as they proved sowre grapes to our first parents, so they have continued to set our teeth on edge, and sinne necessarily accompanying their enjoyment, corruption and death the sting of sinne, must needs ensue: and therefore we may well prosecute the specification as a reason to flye the object, and so to inforce the negative Precept, *Labour not for the meat which perisheth*; or as now I am to handle it in *generale cause*, because it perisheth.

For why should wee struggle and strive to attaine that which being attain'd will not abide the use. So childishly to spend our breath for bubbles, and hunger for meat
which

which cannot stay to satisfie : Shall we, like foolish Merchants, compasse sea and land for a purchase which will not last the bringing home ? Shall our paines reape the soonest decaying fruit ? or shall our desires long for that which is shortest of continuance ? Doe we not desire to invest our bodies with rayment of the longest weare ? and marke the highest prized stufes with such lying names as may boast of their durable continuance ? Is it not a perpetuity which Nature aymes at ? and has she not cloth'd the weeds, and mildest of her creatures with most perishing garments ? The vanishing smoake and vapours, the languishing clouds which roule themselves into their owne hasty consumptions, the short-lived meteors, and all the children of the melting ayre, fill the same day in their Kalender with their birth and death ; whereas the purer heavens involve themselves in their endlesse orbs ; the lively Sunne and Stars, those Jewels of Natures garment, shine in an everlasting constancy of glory ; nor can all the Arithmeticke of time subtract from their native vigour, but each new day sends them forth as Gyants ready to runne their course. Why then is it the more perishing part of nature which wee ayme at, and build our senses on the slippery sands, when there are rockes so neare ? Amidst an whole Paradise of fruit, onely the tree of Life is never tasted : VVee sowe within our selves the seed of our owne corruption, and choose such meats for the belly as will make God destroy both it and them ; our meat is receiv'd into us as fiery hulks into a Navy, which ruine themselves and those that admit them. *Accipimus peritura perituri*, mortals feed on mortals ; nor can Natures salt turne season into Eternity, preserve either the eaten or the eaters flesh, from

Labour forbidden;

from corruption. Goe now, vaine *Paracelsian*, and extract for men the quintessence, nay, the soules of perishing beasts, and yet shall man be like the beast that perisheth. Let that luxurious heathen feed his fishes with the flesh of men, that they againe may feed mans flesh: let all the troops and heardes of nature lay downe their life at his kitching doore, and sacrifice their fatnesse for his health, yet shall not thousands of Rams, nor ten thousand of Oxen, the blood of Bulls, nor the Sheepe on a thousand mountaines, with all their lives, redeeme one day of his. *Si non perit et expellitur hic cibus*, saith Saint *Basil*, *perimus nos citius*. If the meat wee take in should not perish and corrupt by our concoction, our selves must perish more speedily. *Labour not then for the meat that perisheth*; if it be for no other reason, yet because it perisheth.

But enough of that meat, that was the first, but now there remaines a second course, *Everlasting Life*; for which, I may presume, every religious appetite does hunger. In that other indeed are many varieties, here but one dish; but yet like the Mannah, able to represent (nay be) to the pallat whatsoever the soule shall lust for. But before we admit you to this, we must needs examine, a while, how you have behaved your selves with that, and whether your stomacke be not too full with it. For whofoever eateth the meat, and drinketh the drinke, even that perisheth, unworthily, is in great danger to be denyed this other. To make therefore our application more methodicall, we must needs thus addresse our censure; first, on them who sinne against the Negative, by not labouring at all; and secondly, on those who entrench too farre upon the Affirmative, in labouring too much; and that
with

with their eyes and cares fixt upon this Object, *Meat*,
 nay and under this specification of perishing meat.

And first, me thinks, its even necessary to invoke the
 whole quire of holy Prophets, Apostles, Fathers and In-
 terpreters, againe to cleare this parcell of our Saviours
 precept, *Labour not*, from warranting this our spreading
 idleneffe: *Labour not*: why the whole world is a gaming,
 or a sleeping, and even Saint *Paul* in the pulpit were not
 able to waken their drowfie consciences, having first bin
 lull'd by this soft voyce of *Labour not*. Why, 't has given
 the truanting world a desired play-day, 't has fetch't them
 from the Brick-kilnes of *Ægypt*, and now like vagrants
 in the desert, providence owes them a sustenance; and
 you shall find all their Tribes hanging this motto at their
 Escutchions, *Labour not*. You shall observe them to out-
 Epicure the foole in the Gospell, and before they have
 their garners fill'd, or laid up treasures for many yeares,
 to sing their requiems, *Eat, and drinke, and take thine ease*;
 this precept is their happy portion, *Labour not*. So that
 certainly if this precept were presented to the suffra-
 ges of men to confirme it as a law, and to set a penalty on
 their heads that needs would labor, such Courts of Cen-
 sure would scarcely in an age find one offender, but eve-
 ry one would most zealously endeavour to keepe his hands
 from labour.

And I am afraid, our invection may here be as perti-
 nent, as in any City of the world, this being an hive
 which swarmes with innumerable drones, which come
 hither to sucke the honey and fatnesse of the land, which
 in this place flowes; and all they labour for, is to thrust
 their stings into the more thriving and laborious sort. It
 is farre beyond my young discovery, and (I thanke God)

my experience in evill, to find out the innumerable waies which idlenesse hath here invented to maintaine it selfe; but my informations are infallible, that sloth hath now, to support it selfe, set up, if not a Trade, yet a mysterie; and it wil one day be a wonder that it's banner is not display'd with the solemnity of the rest; for, I am sure that all your twelve have not a more numerous company than that of idlenesse.

And the Masters, or first of these idle companions are those who may well be accounted a Company by themselves; for they are such whom the world, *et mundus*, has called *Good Companions*. Good Companions? good for what? to suffocate the time with smoke and vapours, to drown the drying cares with a deluge of drinke; the tedious time afflicts and persecutes them, they cannot be rid of it till such as these shall drive it away. This indeed is the onely company which (as an Idoll) set up Idlenesse and professe it; and spend their whole estate on purpose to spend the time: and of precious howres (of which onely a covetousnesse is lawfull) they are most desperately prodigall: And those dayes workes they thinke the best imploy'd, whercon they have, without wearinesse, done nothing: Except this be to labour, with the *Belides* in hell, ever to be filling *Danaidum dolium*, bottomlesse vessels; ever to bee measuring in drinke at their mouthes by whole taile, and still retailing of it againe by vomiting: If this be to labour, to have the liquor worke and be more busie in their brains, than themselves are in their Shops and affaires! If this be to labour to swill their lungs, till they soake them to sponges, to make their veynes which should administer blood and spirits, become hydropicall, base and abject Water-beavers!

fers! If this be to labour, to invent scurrilous libels, and with the dregs of wit, and their liquor, bespot their apparel, and temperate neighbors. If this be to labour, to propagate unworthy quarrels, to seeke for wounds without a cause, to flush their complexion to the drunkards ruby, to make this blush on their face like the bush at the doore, a signe that good wine usually dwels there, if all this be to labour, then these are never idle. Certainly, all their toyle might seeme to be to build Castles of smoke in the ayre, they may be said to dwell in the middle region, amongst smoke and moister vapors, and themselves commonly perish as meteors. Nay, why may we not say that they dwell in our American Iles, whither they have transplanted their affections, and as others have gone from amongst us (God knowes upon what grounds) to purchase that earth; so these send to purchase the basest part of that earth, the very weeds of it, nay and the basest part of that weed, the very smoke that arises from it.

Nor is this all, but a second sinne of Idlenesse, namely Wantonnesse, is necessarily stumbled on by this; for the Poets, no question, were not lesse significant than witty, who alwayes made the Satyrs attendants on *Bacchus*, lasciviousnesse and petulancy, being the birth of their frothy cups, as *Venus* was fain'd of the froth of the Sea; and those who spend their time and themselves on this vice, I dare say are idely given, and you may be sure they labour not; for Labour is the onely antidote against the poysons of lust; and therefore this Cities providence was very suitable, to quell lust with a Bridewell, to worke; and to censure whorishnesse with the embleme of labor, the Cart; and were these with greter severity required at the hands and laid upon the shoulders of more of these wantons,

they would quickly drive lust out of their bones.

But thirdly, there are another sort who come more seldome within the lists of labour than these, and those are our Common gamesters, whose every dayes worke is to have playd all the day; this seemes to bee their vocation; and truly they are more diligent in it than any. And as if they had learnt of those Idolaters in the Scriptures, that place seemes to be but a prolepsis of their custome, *the people sat downe to eat and drinke, and rose up to play*; the price, and place, and howres of gaming succeeding in their ordinary courses, as well as of eating and drinking. 'Tis stranger to see that these unbusied persons can continue in this playing idlenesse till it become a toyle, and thus exercised, can confound the day and the night, make the evening with the two mornings but their Naturall day! Shuffle off the revolutions of time without taking any notice, indure the course of the Sunne, the succession of the Moone and Starres, as if they were Candles for them to play by; and turne that most godly counsell of the Apostle, of watching and praying, into a most Divellish Paradox of watching and playing.

Certainely, these are those terrours of the night, who when they prosper not in their hazards, are ready to fetch up all the curses can be invented, nay to hale the devils themselves from hell into their luckelesse losses: and if *Judas* betrayed our Saviour for thirty peeces of silver, these are ready to open his wounds with oaths, and fetch out his blood againe at the losse of but one.

And what's the reason of all this, but, besides the excessse of time spent at it, their very adventures fall deepe into their estates; and the crosse winds of fortune makes
their

their goods meet with a shipwracke, though farre from the Sea; and all their substance may even in a parlour sinke and be gone, and themselves and patrimony with one dismall throw quite overthrowne, when at last they finde that they have cast away money, time, and grace, and have met with robbers, as *Pharaoh* did with *Frogges* at their very chambers. For now there are sprung up a wiser generation in this kinde, who have the Art to coy the fonder sort into their nets, who have now reduced gaming to a Science, if not more thriving, yet more getting than any of the Liberall ones: Birds of prey who live by the fruits of other mens labours; Eagles which flye about the slothfull carkasses; and what those have scarcely obtain'd in a yeare by working, these gaine from them in one howre of playing: they stay till, like Sponges, they have suck'd in the moysture of many yeares gaines, and then they squeeze them in a moment, and make the very gleaning of *Ephraim*, better than the vintage of *Abiezer*. Certainly their limitage were fallen to them in a goodly ground (where so small a part of an Aker is so fruitfull and yeelding) and they might terme it, not the lot of their inheritance, but their inheritance of the Lot; if this wheele of Fortune could be held from turning; if God would give them grace to keepe, what the Diuell has given them cunning to get; but commonly as they are shuffled together with the Knaves, and cut off with the scouring of the world, so you shall heare them rattling the bones, till their owne are ready to rattle in their skinne; and at last become materials for Dice, that which made them living, being now made of them being dead: But to reforme these, were to undoe an
army.

army of Tapsters, and to make waste the most goodly and fruitfull ground in all your Citie, the Bowle-allies and Dice-houses, which are so much the more fruitfull, because these weeds are suffered even to grow and flourish there to ranknesse.

But I will not particularize in more that labour not; those that I have already named had the ring, and you may finde most of the rest dancing within it; tis strange to observe, how many are busie, but for an after-idlenesse, and what care they take, that they may take none: tis not the love of labour sets any on worke, but the Pismire's providence; indure't in Summer, lest they should suffer't in winter; or else employ themselves in such as the Moralist calls *desidiosa negotia*, serious trifles; like children besmeare themselves for toyes, otherwise *labour not*.

But secondly, as these may offend in the Negative, so many there are which trespass upon the Affirmative force of this precept, namely, in labouring too much, and that in these three respects, either in *super vacuis*, *importunis*, or *immoderatis laboribus*: In labour that is either superfluous, unseasonable, or immoderat; all which (by the antithesis of the censure with the thesis which lay in the parts) fall directly within the censure of this negative precept.

First then, I doubt, we shall spye the most of those which keepe such a bustling in the world, as if't were they tooke all the paines, to doe it for sinfull and superfluous Objects; and if they sometimes cast but a looke or a thought after righteousnessse, yet are they frequent workers of iniquitie; pursue that but with the eye, this with the hand and industrie. Wee doe
not

not vsually say with *Jacob*, Gen. 28 20. *If God will give me bread to eat, and rayment to put on, then hee shall bee my God*; but if my meat flow in with abundance, and my Cup over-flow, then shall my belly bee my God, my meat and drinke-offerings it's morning and evening sacrifice. Wee would all bee God's *Beniamins*, and if our Messes doe not exceed, and our change of rayment goe beyond the rest of our brethreu, wee are not well dealt with. Wee cannot content our selves to dwell with Vertue in a meane, but our desires flye to the utmost of our atchievements, and never thinkethemselfes farre enough, unlesse they can get no further. Hunger is not satisfied onely to take in enough, unlesse it may likewise leave enough.

Does not superfluitie daily cover our Tables? and meats which must make wanton as well as strong, fill up our stomacks? Are not those the feasts of niggards, where Luxury is not Caterer? and our meetings too homely and disordered, if riot be not the Steward? Ancient gluttony was then at the height, when Iunkets of the Land could bee fed on at Sea, and the Sea send her varieties to the Land for a requitall; but now both Sea, Earth, and Ayre, must concentour at one Table, as if *Noah* from hence were to fill his Arke with all manner of Creatures; or as if their Table-clothes must imitate Saint *Peters* sheet, represent the Species of all Creatures, cleane and uncleane: nay, as if their very stomackes were to be *Noahs* Arke, where those Creatures must not be preserved from, but perish'd with a deluge of drinke which followes after; and he a very just and upright man that can bee saved from it. Me thinkes some of those Tables verifie what they

they tell us of the beasts meeting promiscuously in Africa, and by their confused ingendrings, sending forth yearly new Species of Monsters into the world. For hither they all come, and Cookery has taught them so to ingender, to make such medlies of Creatures, that were some of our more thrifty Ancestours alive to see them, they would wonder what monsters of meat were crept into our platters, and had need have kitching Dictionaries, or Interpretours to tell them the name and use of every dish. And they must needs conclude, that man who feeds on them, and is nourish'd by them, is the most various and devouring monster of them all. How strange it is that so much of our labour and providence should now belong to the bellie, that wit and art should keepe Schoole in the Kitching, and turne professors of Cookery; that the invention of provoking Sauces should be their Lectures and Critticismes, that the belly should have so good capacitie; and the pallat, though so much eloy'd and dull'd, should attaine such ingenuitie.

That a man should turne his friends to Cannibals, and invite them to devoure his owne substance, and eat him out of house and harbour, that he should purse up so much of his revenues in his belly, and make a feast at the departure of his patrimony; that he should labour and travell, and be bigge with superfluity, and not deliver'd of it but with his estate! that the Apostles penalty should be eluded, *He that will not labour, let him not eat*, for those have now the best stomachs, and hee that labours least, eats most.

What should I tell you of abundance of superfluous labour in the pride of those who are *inter pectinem speculum*—

culumq; occupati? whom the Looking-glasse sends on perpetuall errands to the Combe; who are their owne umbra's, the servants and shadowes of their owne reflected shadowes; whose daily labour is to court and study themselves, and had rather an whole Corporation, or Common-wealth, than any Appendix of their pride should be out of order. Whose bodies are their golden Calves, and whatsoever time they can spare from idlenesse and gluttony, is altogether sacrificed to the dressing of this Idoll.

Thus might we finde superfluous labour in the ambitious yawning after outward dignitie and honour, whilest we labour to make worth the gift of pedigree, and read deserts written in Escutcheons; whilest honour is raked from the graves of our parents, and the monuments of their vertues, must be the pillars to uphold our crazy fame, whilest the Armes of their Nobilitie is, indeed, the device of our owne; and the Emblemes of theirs, the life of ours. Whilest we beguile posterity with usurped motto's, and would make them beleeye that to have beene the pencill of vertue, which was but the painters Fond ambition, that struggles to be eternall in a stone, and thinks that a painted Sepulcher can dawbe over, or bury committed faults; thy memory shall rot before thy monuments, and Satyricall infamy shall hale thy vices to a resurrection before thy bodies.

Is it not superfluous to have your houses that must even over-top the Churehes, as if they were their over-seers; when, indeed, they have beene their underminers: Who will not grieve at that irreligious and scandalous superstitie, to see, where their mansions

stand, their very Stables like Churches, and neare ad-
joyning a Church like a Stable ; Gods house like a
Cottage, their owne like a Pallace : the zeale of such
houses have indeed eaten them up ; nay, and perchance
the house of God too ; or certainly the most of its
revenues.

Lastly, can wee finde no superfluous labour for
wealth and riches ? Are you all content with a com-
petency ? Is a *viaticum* enough to carry you through
the journey of this lifes pilgrimage ? or doe you seeke
for unnecessary baggage and burdens to retardate your
speed ? Why then doe these winged vessels cut the
water and ayre, and visit Nations as distant in language
as scituation ? to fetch necessities or superfluities, pur-
chases suitable to your wants or desires ? Could wee
ever know the abode of a man that was rich enough,
and thought so himselfe, or was there not still in his
ayme some further purchase ? Will a mad man beleeve
he is mad ? or was superfluity ever accounted superflu-
ous by him that had it ? Looke into your houses, where
if feelings be an ornament, what are scrupulous car-
vings ? Are not hangings wrought by the tedious need-
le, and not longer in working than in bringing home,
neare of kinne to superfluity ? Was not wealth turvia-
ted into costly inventions, and made wood and stone
which homely Nature lent you, proud of their gilded
clothing, and even ready to shrink under the burthen
of their superfluous trappings ? ' Twere an homely com-
plaint to say that glasse is become Chrystall ; have you
not vessels whose very fragility raises the price even
danger, whereas it should make more cheap, with those
wantons of wealth makes the instruments of ostentation
more

more deare. Has not the whole world help'd you to furnish one house, and the Sea lent such Jewels as may weigh downe the ranfome of many of your brethrens lives and estates? What need we peepe into their Closets? It would dazle your eyes to see how they make each Chamber as a *Sanctum Sanctorum*, or like the Kings daughter, all glorious within, their clothings being by some degrees transcendant to needle worke even wrought with gold.

But this superfluity might seeme to be inveigh'd against by the envy of poverty, that, like the Fox in the Fable we speake against grapes we cannot reach; if that labour that attaines it were but seasonable, if it flowed within the bankes of just moderation: But if it were so, what meanes the bleating and bellowing, the noyse and clamor, the cry which goes along with us in scenting out these perishing objects, when as if without superfluities we were famish'd; we aske them with the voice of barren *Rachel*, Give me superfluities or else I dye; and breake through the stone-walls of cost and difficulty, not for hunger, but wantonnesse; meare, but dainties! when we eat not onely what the sweat of the brow, but what's purchas'd with the price of blood; when with stomackefull children we bawle for Rattles, nor can have the cry of our labours appeas'd, till our humour's fulfilld.

Doe they not digge their Jewels from rockes of Adamants, and screw their gold from the center, whereas the earth has offer'd our more easie paines daily bread, and all things necessary; she has drown'd and hid those noxious mettals, and laid her whole weight upon them; how violent then is that labor which rends up the bow-

els of our common mother, for drosse and dung, haling up Iron from the same obscurity with gold and silver, that neither the Instruments nor the price of our destruction may be denyed our superfluous toyling.

Climbs not Ambition up an Icy mountaine? Are not all lower degrees diseases to it? from which when 'tis cured, is it not over-toyled with danger of relapse? How in its ascent it wrassles with each rougher knot to conquer its supportance! what panting, what breathing, what courting the slippery holds! does it not breake and corrupt its wayes over those Alpes, as *Hannibal* did with Vinegar? with the sowe and smart of all their Industry; mounts the steps by a motion not more tedious and violent than contrary to nature, though perchance, when all is done, with one just fall, breaks both the backe, the estate, the credit, and the heart of him that thus attaines it?

But thirdly, Is this labour in seasons alwayes besecming it? I feare me, as it is importunate and instant, so likewise that it is both in season and out of season; and what our Saviour would have his Disciples deprecate, as likely to prove a greater augmentation to their afflictions, namely that their flight might not happen in the winter, nor on the Sabbath day; the hot pursuit of these can feele no winter, nor their cold devotions acknowledge any Sabbath day, but all seasons must be their harvest, and they not onely plucke, but reape their eares of corne on the Sabbath day, though it turne their carnall eares from hearing the word of God.

And thus like ingratefull theeves that rob their benefactors, when God bestowes blessings on them, they steale time from God to fetch them home: and because

Eterni-

Eternity, of necessity, belongs to their soules, they imploy all the houres of time for the good of their bodies: hold it methodicall enough to set grace onely after meat; and though the object be never so needlesse, and the labour never so immoderate, they faile not to adde this third aggravation, to make it unseasonable.

And thus we finde the whole world either idle or ill imploy'd, either triflers or busie-bodies; not labouring at all, or labouring and toying importunately for the meat that perisheth. Some who deserve our Saviours complaining question, *Why stand yee idle all the day?* Some who have cause to complaine to our Saviour, *Master, we have labour'd all the night, but catch'd nothing!* Some on their slothfull beds to mule mischief, some rising up early to act it; sloth moulding some, anxiety consuming others; some folding their hands so farre in idlenesse that they cannot worke, some folded and inwrapt so farre in businesse that they have no leisure: some sounused to toyle as was that *Mindyrides* whom *Seneca* tels, that seeing one take great paines in digging, himselfe was weary to behold him, and commanded that he should worke out of his sight; and that he was wont to complaine, that a leafe amongst the Roses, on which he lay, being doubled under him, did hurt him: Some againe, as pragmatticall as was that *Tyrannius*, of whom 'tis related, that undergoing a laborious, and no profitable office, untill he was ninety yeares of age, that then the Emperour of his owne compassionate accord sent him his exemption, and that now he might rest: which newes the busie old man received with no lesse horror than if it had beene the sentence of his condemnation; and composing himselfe upon

upon his bed, he commanded his family to mourne for him; as if the office of his soule had, with the losse of that other, forsaken his body; nor must the face of this funerall sadnesse bee laid aside, untill that providence which eas'd him of his burthen, must be so pittifull as to restore it to him againe. *Adeone luvat occupatum mori?* Can the least wind of labour thus blast some, and others be recover'd with the noyse of care? Certainly, some have that Roman Knights pillow (which *Augustus* desired) whence the noyse of debts, and poverty, comming as an armed man cannot waken them: some have none other than *Augustus* his, whereon no melody could hush him into sleepe. Some would lye on the top of Olympus, above the Clouds of disturbance, and Winds of molestation. Some on the top of *Ætna*, and are not warme enough except in a combustion of businesse. All are divided betwixt those that labour not at all, and those that labour too much; but *for the meat that perisheth.*

And now whilst I would find Arguments to enlarge my invection (besides the admonition of time) that, me thinkes, of *Seneca* sounds in mine eare; *Vide, non tantum an verum sit quod dicis, sed an ille cui dicitur veri patiens sit:* Take heed, not onely that thou speak the truth, but also that tho to whom thou speakest can brooke that truth: Truth, it seemes, is a physicke, but whereof every diseased is not patient; a salve, but too corrosive for some sores; and though counsell sometimes finds entertainment, yet reproofe seldome misses of contempt; Wasps being knowne to sting more deeply than Bees: He therefore that is sharpe with vice, round with fortune, that debases ambition, chides luxury, scour-

scourges lust, and hangs a rod at the fooles backe, shall be thought to speake words, no matter; and mens ears, not their minds shall lend him attention. Nor did hee speake besides, though before these times, who said, *Maior est qui iudicium astulit, quam qui meruit*; He shal be the multitudes Magnifico, who steals not, who deserves their judgement. I will therefore, to conclude all, make our Saviours method mine, who in the verse before my Text chid, here exhorts, and turne my invection against the lazy, and those that overtoyle themselves, into a breefe exhortation to leave that, and use this more moderately; the inconveniences which follow being my reason to deterre us from offending on either side.

For let me tell the sluggish, What is Idlenesse, but the sediments of some sinfull disease, and a disposition to fall into all. The Church is *Ager Dei*, Gods field; and what availeth it to shape out handleffe Christians, or to expect any harveh from such as *Labour not*? The Church is *Civitas Dei*, Gods City; and none are free of this, but those that have some function. Tell mee, you that never heard the call of any Vocation, that are free of no other Company than your idle companions; that shirke living from others, but time from yourselves; tell mee, may it not be said of Idlenesse as he said of Envy, that it is *tormentum sui*, its own scourge: and is there any wracke to the bed of sloth? If it bee ask'd of what function you are, is it sufficient to answer, Gentlemen: as if generosity were turn'd vagrant; and the businesse proper to Nobility, were to sleepe in a Chaire of State. *Tendit in ardua virtus*, Vertue is essentially in action, and all her Clients worke their passage to her. The greatest of our Common-wealth have in-
roll'd.

roll'd their names into the protection of some Corporation in this City, no doubt, that their examples may tell the rest, that Labour is an honour as well as a burthen; and may he that shrinkes from it, never have a trencher of his owne, but let his stomacke be alwayes attendant and weare the perpetuall livery of other mens leifures. Let this shirking generation be cast out (as Christ would have the Divels) by Prayer and Fasting, Devotion and Hunger, their most feared enemies; and when they want their penny-worths of newes, let their very apparell pay for their Ordinary: Let the very Constables and Marshals of the City be the undertakers to draine and scoure this fenny and viciously over-growne, this untill'd, unfruitfull ground: O let not those gardens of our selves be over-growne with the weeds of sloth, let not customary sluggishnesse make us unweeldy for any thing but gossipings, and to be the tradition of tales and reports; let not us bee that unfallowed ground where the Divell may sowe his tares; or standing pools which ever end in stinck and corruption; but let us gird up our loynes, and though it be the last howre of the day, yet adventure into the field, and labour. But yet not too fast, nor too eagerly, for this falls into as dangerous an extremity on the other side; and when you have digg'd as deepe as you can, and follow'd the game as farre as tis possible, you prove but th' unprofitable servants of your unlimited desires, and all for which you tugge thus diligently, shall perish: Fore-see your heaps of silver sunke to the center from whence it came, your houses bury'd in the ruins of your Cellars, your wardrobes intomb'd in the bellies of contemptible Moths, your pamper'd carkasses baits for the wormes; then

and commanded.

then say, here's meat that perisheth : All those things that swell thine heart, and hoist thy mind above the memory of mortality, which barricado'd with barres of Iron, snatch'd with the servile lives of others, defended with thine owne, for which the furrowes of the Sea were smooth'd with blood, the walls of Cities shaken, the leagues of affinity, friendship, and blood, have beene so often broken, are now no longer thine, they were but lent ; or if they were thine owne, they're perishing.

Goe now, vaine man, and spread thy Factors through all Languages, fetch both the Indies to thy capacious Cellars, make all the Kings of the Nations thy debtors, pile up thine house with obligatory parchment, umbra's and fancies, empty shadowes of wealth and substance, farme out th' usurious time (*sanguivolemta indies duplicentur centesima*) and let each day redouble thine hundreds, blesse thy speculations with the volumes of thy riches, and survey the Maps of thy purchas'd Territories, Pride thy selfe at the sight of thy great Babilons which thou hast built for thine honour ; and now when thou comest to eat the fruit of thy labours, to use that felicity which all this while thou hast but serv'd, know and consider that it, and thou thy selfe shalt perish.

O then let us turne the eyes of our appetites, and the limbs of our labour, after that meat which indure's to Everlasting Life ; that Manna that came downe from heaven, and carries man up thither ; that Angels food which luxury ne're look'd at, bread made and composed of th' immortall seed of the Word. *Lord give us evermore this bread!* Let the froward appetites of worldlings thirst after their broken Cisterns ; leave those that

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never

Labour forbidden, &c.

never felt the sweets of Canaan, to breath after Egypts
Onions and Leekes; let earthly pottage be thine *Isa*'s
birth-right; surfer poore prodigals with your Swinish
huskes: *Lord give us evermore this bread.* Turne, O the
stormes of our earthly tuggings into a calme! bee still
O you waves of over-flowing desires! Say unto God,
Thou art my Rocke; my heart is fixed, O God, my
heart is fixed there. Fly away, O thou Sea of pleasure;
and be thou driven backe, thou swelling Jordan of pride;
Skip away, ye mountaines of Ambition, like Rams; and
ye little hils of Riches, like Lambs. Tremble, O earth
of care, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the
God of *Jacob*. Let the Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is
athirst say, Come; and whosoever will, let him take
of this water of life freely. And come, O Son of man,
and with that meat make men the Sonnes of God. O
blessed Father, scale to us the love of thy Sonne, which
is our life; and sanctifie that living meat, O holy Spirit.
Now to that Sonne of man that gives, and God the Fa-
ther that scales, and God the Holy Ghost that sancti-
fies to the unspeakable glory of Everlasting Life; As-
cribed be all praise, dominion, life, and glory.

In secula seculorum, Amen.

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FINIS.

